

CONVICTED BY JURY FOR BRUTAL MURDER OF HIS BRIDE,
HENRY BEATTIE IS SENTENCED TO DIE ON NOVEMBER 24

HOPE SHATTERED
AS WENDENBURG
BRANDS SLAYER

Tells Jury That Beattie
Alone Murdered Un-
suspecting Wife.

SAVAGE IN HIS
FINAL ATTACK

Prosecutor Unmerciful in His De-
scription as to How Prisoner
Pitched Woman's Body Into
Car, Just as if It Were
That of Slaughtered
Beast.

In the most masterful argument ever
presented to a Virginia jury, L. O.
Wendenburg, assistant prosecutor, by
the express wish of relatives of the
dead woman, yesterday convinced
twelve men that Henry Clay Beattie,
Jr., was the murderer of his twelve-
months-old bride, and fifty-eight min-
utes after his final word was spoken
the jury so rendered its verdict.

In the opinion of all that crowded
courtroom—a courtroom packed and
jammed as it had never been before
and as it probably never will be again—
Mr. Wendenburg made the effort of his
life. Roughshod, he rode over the
sophistries, as he named them, of his
opponents, and clearly and convinc-
ingly argued from the evidence that
none other than the prisoner at the
bar could have been on the Midlothian
Turnpike at that exact spot and at
that exact hour on the night of
July 18, when Mrs. Beattie was brut-
ally slain, and that none other could
have had that gun than the young man
who sat, cold and silent, listening to
the lawyer's scorching words.

Broken, hit by hit,
that barrier of "reasonable doubt"—
which counsel for the defense erected
around their client, and showed, with-
out fear of contradiction, that Henry
Beattie alone had the opportunity, that
Henry Beattie alone had the desire,
that he alone had a motive to slay
the unprotected woman. The assist-
ant prosecutor laughed to scorn the
attempts of the defense to bring in
other "shaggy, bearded highwaymen,"
possible perpetrators of the awful
deed.

Why did not the defense bring them
on the scene at the right time? he
cried, and then, with a finger that did
not waver, he pointed at the defendant
and said: "There is the man who com-
mitted the crime. There is the man
who slew his wife, and there is the
man who must pay the penalty with
his blood."

Through all the history of crime Mr.
Wendenburg ranged, comparing this
deed with others of its kind, and said
that there was none other, even in the
dark ages of the past, which could
equal it in all its hideous features and
cold-blooded brutality. In Beulah Bin-
ford, whom Beattie first met as a mere
shred of a child thirteen years old, the
attorney found the motive—the motive
which the State declared it was not
forced to prove.

Dead Girl's Mother.

He pointed out that the dead woman's
lonely mother had stated on the
stand that her daughter's married life
was not as happy as it had been pre-
sented by the witnesses for the defense,
and here told, with bitter emphasis,
the story she had told upon the wit-
ness stand. It was a daughter's con-
fidence in her mother that he told—a
story that could not be denied. And
Henry Beattie, Mr. Wendenburg ar-
gued, had to rid himself of his wife,
and there appeared before him but one
way in which to rid himself of one
woman that he might warm himself
in the glow of another's side. And
that way was by the assassin's hand,
and it was Henry Beattie, the lawyer
shrieked, who took his unsuspecting
wife out on that ride which ended in
her death.

And how could it have happened, he
asked, that the "bearded highwayman"
knew that Henry Beattie and his wife
were to drive along that road that
night, when the prisoner at the bar
had himself stated on the stand that
it was at his wife's suggestion that
they took the spin? And how was it,
he asked again, that the same gun
which Paul Beattie swore that he
bought for his cousin, could have been
the same weapon which was found on
the Beattie line crossing, and which
Henry Beattie himself at first ac-
knowledged was the gun with which
his wife was slain?

Not Kastelberg's Car.

Beyond fear of contradiction Mr.
Wendenburg showed that it was not
Charles Kastelberg's car which those
boys coming home from a dance at
Bon Air saw standing on the roadside,
for had not the most of them, he asked,
given a description of the man and
woman they saw, which did not tally
with the description of Kastelberg
and that nameless woman he took with
him on a joy ride? Then, too, Kastel-
berg's car was seen more than a mile
from where the foul murder was com-
mitted, while that other automobile
was seen almost on the very spot. Al-
most with a gesture he broke down
that part of the fabric of the defense
which lay in the story admitted and
told by Kastelberg.

With a record of the testimony be-
fore him, Mr. Wendenburg argued be-
fore the jury, displaying the strong
points brought out by the prosecution
and showing the pitiful weakness of

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

PUBLIC DOUBTED
BEATTIE'S STORY
WHEN FIRST TOLD

Opinion as to His Guilt
Quickly Formed Right
After Murder.

NOBODY LOOKED
FOR HIGHWAYMAN

Husband's Account of Battle
With Giant Accepted as Poor
Attempt of Real Murderer to
Shield Himself—Brief
History of Brutal
Crime.

All Richmond was stirred late on
the night of Tuesday, July 18, by the
announcement that a young wife, who
had for the first time left her five-
weeks-old baby, had been murdered at
her husband's side. Officers of the law,
volunteers and newspaper men flocked
to the scene on the first alarm, and
to them the young husband told his
story—told it without a trace of ex-
citement, without a quiver and cour-
teously invited his visitors to use his
blood-stained motor car on their way
back to town.

Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., age 26, son
of a prosperous merchant and banker
of South Richmond, went for a spin in
his automobile that July night, carry-
ing his wife, the mother of their in-
fant child. A scant half-hour later he
raced back to the home of the girl's
uncle with the dead body of his wife,
crying "My God, she dead, my God,
she's dead!"

Beattie's First Story.

To those who gathered at the first
alarm, Beattie, still in the clothes
stained with the blood of his wife,
told his story. Motoring along the
Midlothian Road, returning to the
Owen home shortly before 11 o'clock
on a starlit summer night, he had
seen before him a man in the middle
of the road. The car was brought
suddenly to a stop. The unknown
from the darkness started the con-
versation: "Why the hell don't you
run over me." The road is a wide
pike, well macadamized, giving ample
room for passage on either side of an
object in the center. Beattie replied:
"I ought to have done it—You took the
whole road." He then reached for-
ward to put in the clutch and start
the car. The man said: "Start and I'll
shoot you," and then for the first
time it was noticed that he carried a
gun, and that the gun was pointed
straight at the motorist.

Henry gave the machine all its gas.
It started with a lunge, and the charge
from the highwayman's shotgun en-
tered the head of his wife, just under
the left eye, causing instantaneous
death.

The highwayman, after the merest
scuffle, went off in the woods, leaving
the gun with which the deed had been
done in the hands of the outraged hus-
band, who then raced to the Owen home
in the hope that medical aid might still
avail for the bleeding woman.

Did Not Look Far.

Such was the story that shocked
the countryside, that in all Virginia
there could have been a man who could
have done such a deed.
The Southerner's first thought when
a woman is attacked is of the negro.
Henry was not certain. His assailant
might have been white or colored, but
he wore a beard, a stubby beard of
several weeks' growth, and was a pow-
erful man. The search was taken up
promptly and in good faith. Sworn of-
ficers of the law of Chesterfield and
nearby counties and of Richmond, and
experienced men from the railway ser-
vice were prompt with offers of aid. A
woman had been shot down at her hus-
band's side. All Richmond would have
turned out to avenge the deed. Had a
negro been found with a gun that night
near the blood spot on the Midlothian
Road, no power of law could have kept
him from swinging to the nearest tree.

Tom Owen Took Hold.

Tom Owen, uncle of the murdered
woman, and her nearest Virginia re-
lative, took hold promptly and with cool
head. The police were notified. His
old friend, Luther Scherer, who had
traced baggage thieves to London and
arrested post-office robbers under the
eyes of the New York police, was
asked to come out and advise. Blood-
hounds were called from the Midlothian
county of Henrico and from the State
Penitentiary Farm. The machinery
of the law was promptly in motion
to apprehend the fiend.

Tom Wren, a veteran of thirty years
in Richmond's Police Department, was
the first to go down the road. Mar-
shal Jacob, County Officer Jar-
rell and Coroner Loving were already
organizing a search for the missing
gun, and had located and roped off a
great puddle of blood in the turnpike,
which showed where the crime had
been perpetrated. At daylight the gun
was found far down the railway track
from the turnpike crossing. A day-
light also came the dogs—blooded an-
imals of keen scent, who worked
faithfully and well—who were them-
selves out in the search, but found no
trail. No footprints led further from
that pool of blood than to a stump be-
side the roadway and back again.

Scratch Was Suspicious.

Doubts of the good faith of the
stricken husband followed hard. Mc-

(Continued on Second Page.)



HENRY CLAY BEATTIE, JR.

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WENDENBURG ON BEATTIE'S CRIME

"When the silence of that fatal night was broken by the screams of that poor, defenseless woman, as she realized that the man who had sworn to protect her was a fiend incarnate, and he silenced that scream with the report of that death-dealing gun, God frowned and the law shuddered."

"This man was left alone on the scene of the crime, left alone by that pool of blood—with the smoking weapon still in his hands. He threw the gun into the car and the body of his wife after it—like the body of a slaughtered beast."

"The learned and brilliant counsel for the accused have asked you on principles of sophistry how this man could have committed that crime. I say that a man who murders his wife is not only a murderer, but a fool."

"Beattie had to account for that gun, and he tells you of a big bearded highwayman, a giant, who fired the shot, and of how he, a mere stripling, goes up and wrests that gun away from the giant, not knowing whether he had a double-barreled shotgun and whether the giant would have given him the other load."

"Thank God, no scrubby farmer came along and picked up that gun. He threw it out in the highway of traps, hoping that some tramp would pick it up."

"And yet Mr. Carter wants you to look for a bearded stranger. Why, when the people read the papers the next morning, every farmer in Chesterfield ran for his razor to shave off his beard."

"I wonder how much of this man will go to heaven and how much will go below. God has given us means to procure evidence. The great power which moves all things appealed to the conscience of Paul and made him reveal all he knew."

"This is the cheapest murder I ever heard of. It has an element of cheapness about it."

"This is the greatest crime and the worst under the roof of heaven. This young man, gentlemen, has bound a band of blood around his name so that generations will slowly go by it until it is blotted out from memory. The dark and bloody annals of the past have nothing to equal this crime."

"But there is an invisible power somewhere, and that same power made Paul tell the balance of that secret in his heart. He had nothing to fear. He knew he was an innocent agent. But here he has been vilified, and the worst character has been attributed to him. But I tell Paul Beattie that God, who made him disclose that dreadful secret, will look after him. He has nothing to fear."

"A ministerial friend of mine suggested that the deeds of Henry VIII. of England formed the greatest blot on the escutcheon of England. And I say that this crime of Henry Beattie has formed the greatest blot on the escutcheon of Virginia!"

"They tell you to let him go free. Let him go free, and I tell you that every unpunished murder takes something away from the security of every man's life. Let this man go free, and I say to Virginia: Go to the grave of Cluverius; go to the grave of McCue, and to the grave of Jeter Phillips; dig up their bodies and apologize to them, and place a band around the escutcheon of Virginia, to remain there through all eternity."

"Justice must be satisfied, and a broken law must be vindicated. Go, gentlemen of the jury, and render your decision so that the verdict of this State will be: Well done, thou good and faithful servants!"

JURORS PRAYED
FOR DIVINE HELP

Then Came Into Courtroom and
Fairly Shouted Verdict
of Guilty.

(By Associated Press.)

Chesterfield Courthouse, Va., Sep-
tember 8.—Twelve Virginia farmers
knelt at dusk to-night in the obscurity
of the small jury room of Chesterfield
courthouse, praying fervently that
they might pass judgment aright on
Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., indicted for
the murder of his wife. Grimly de-
termined they arose a moment later,
and silently one by one recorded a
unanimous verdict of guilty.

Pausing in silent contemplation for
fifty-eight minutes, weighing carefully
the meaning of their decision, and once
more on bended knees beseeching di-
vine assistance that they might not
err, they filed into the hushed stillness
of a crowded courtroom, and with
startling suddenness twelve voices, in-
stead of the usual one of the foreman,

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

WENDENBURG ON BEATTIE'S CRIME

But Beulah Binford Reasserts
Confidence in Beattie's
Innocence.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

New York, September 8.—Freeman
Bernstein, the theatrical promoter
who put Florence Burns, May Yohé
and other similar "stars" on the
boards.
Bernstein gave up after the commis-
sioner of public safety of Philadelphia
declared that he would not permit the
Virginia girl curiosity to appear in
that city.

"I've made up my mind to pass the
girl up," said Bernstein. "I've had a
lot of freaks in my time, Florence
Burns and May Yohé, but I've decided
that this city to be exploited on the
stage, has given up the proposition.
Bernstein was the theatrical promoter
who put Florence Burns, May Yohé
and other similar "stars" on the
boards.

(Continued on Ninth Page.)

WORDS RANG LIKE
SHRIEK THROUGH
CROWDED ROOM

Prisoner, Branded Now by Law,
Stood Straight and Firm, Like
Man of Stone, and Heard
His Doom Un-
flinching.

FAINT SMILE FLICKERED
ACROSS HIS LIPS AT VERDICT

Twelve Chesterfield Farmers Quickly Agree on Death
Sentence, and Judge Watson Denies Motion for
New Trial—Wild Scene on Courthouse
Green as Murderer Is Sent Back
to His Cell for Night.

BY JOSEPH F. GEISINGER.

The verdict is death.

Through the awful stillness of the crowded, stifling room the
words, low spoken as they were, rang like a shriek. Branded now
before the world with the foul sin of wife-murder and condemned
to pay to the limit its terrible price, Henry Beattie stood last night
straight and firm, like a man of stone, and heard his doom unflinch-
ing. Beside him, bowed in grief and shame, an old man leaned
stiffly upon one deathlike hand, and stared vacantly into space.
Behind him, chewing a piece of gum like an automaton, sat another
younger one, horror and shock blanching his face. Around him,
nerves half-bursting and minds grasping vainly for realization, a
huddled throng stood with naked shivering souls. But within him
nothing stirred, it seemed. In all that twilight tragic scene before
the ancient bar he alone whose death knell sounded was calm and
unshaken to the end. A woman sobbed aloud, and strong men gulp-
ed down their misery and almost gasped for air. But from Beattie
came not so much as the quiver of an eyelash. When the court
named his last day upon this earth a faint smile flickered across his
lips. That was all.

WILD SCENE ON COURT GREEN.

Back to his cell in the tiny, dismal jail he went, a convicted
felon, the most noted criminal of his day and time—a murderer liv-
ing and yet without a life to call his own. Faithful to the last, the
old man tottered at his side and followed his boy through the clanking
doors, straining him passionately to his breast before he left him
alone to the sleepless solitude of the night. As if in mockery of the
hour, the harvest moon flooded all the country fields, and the very
earth seemed smiling and at ease. But through it the lonely boy
walked to a prison from which he will walk again to death. Not for
him did the fair fields smile. Disgrace and woe unutterable were
his only part.

Scarcely had he left the courtroom before a sharp crack as of a
revolver broke the silence that none had dared interrupt. For a
moment the crowd stood rooted to its tracks, and then plunged
wildly through windows and doors to the pitch-black green. Visions
of Henry Beattie dead by his own hand flashed before every mind,
and for a moment the sensation was indescribable. It needed but this
to complete the day. Men ran madly about hurling questions at
one another and getting no answers. Then they suddenly stopped
and laughed hysterically. The jailer was fumbling at the iron doors
and by his side, with placid, unharmed brow, stood the prisoner. A
dozen yards away an overambitious photographer picked up his in-
fernal machine and walked off, well satisfied with his thoughtless
work.

Little Hope of Successful Appeal.

Unless a higher court snatches him back from the jaws of death, Henry
Beattie will go to the electric chair between sunrise and sunset of November
24, less than three months hence. The prospect before him now is a settled
gloom without a rift. Condemned and sentenced in a day, there seems for
him after this no other thing on earth to do but pay the penalty of his crime.
Counsel will press the fight on, it is true, and will more desperately than ever
strive to turn the tide. But there is no hope. Bills of exceptions and prayers
for clemency can stay no judgment like this. The trial has been eminently
fair and square, and to the prisoner has gone the benefit of every doubt, how-
ever small, even to the point of drawing upon the court the condemnation of
those who sat afar and ventured to save their ignorance and inappreciation
with a show of exalted opinion. Mercifully the court gave to Henry Beattie
even more than was required, but in its mercy lies now the shattering of his
new hope. No ground for appeal is left. Where so little has been denied and
so much yielded, no more can be successfully asked. Not a lawyer could be
found yesterday who would risk one chance in a thousand on a writ of error.
To all it seemed a question of weeks and days and months, no longer a ques-
tion for courts.

For the present the prisoner, under heavy guard, stays in the little county
jail. Such opportunity to see his family will be given him as the court, in its
discretion, may decide. There will be no extraordinary privileges, and, on
the other hand, no inhuman denials. His cell is plain, but comfortable as
cells go. He may eat and sleep as he wills, and now and then have a visitor
from the outside world. Later he may be removed to Richmond under county
supervision. The Supreme Court sits in the first week of November, and will
hear the case at once. If it act unfavorably, as all expect, the murderer will
then go to the death chamber in the penitentiary, to leave it no more until
his last day dawns.

The Sounding of Beattie's Doom.

Pitifully the hour came with sorrow to all and deep degradation and
misery to a few. It had been a day of mighty argument—the most brilliant
ever heard in Virginia courts. Throughout the morning Smith had pleaded
with mastery skill and had magnificently fought a hopeless fight. Using
every art of the trained and accomplished lawyer, he had made of his weak
case more than any man had believed possible. Among the spectators many
sat in astonishment, and before it was done began themselves to feel a doubt.
Would it be likewise with the jury? Old hands at the game, who had often
staked and rarely lost on similar chances, were willing to admit the possi-
bility. It seemed that out of the fragments of a defense the prisoner was,
after all, constructing a wedge that might yet win him freedom or at least a
new trial.

But in its box the jury sat stolid, looking and listening, but not swayed.
Smith spent his force, and Wendenburg took his place before the bar. In a

(Continued on Eighth Page.)